The Marlboro' Democrat.

"Do thou Great Liberty Inspire our Souls and make our lives in thy possession happy, or our Deaths Glorious in thy Just Defence."

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The Coquette.

She's a flirt, and she knows it,
Expert, and she shows it
In each word and act,
She laughs and she chatters,
She chaffs and she flatters,
Mankind to distract.

Her shy little glances
I try, as she dances,
To follow—in vain!
Each man she entrances—
Who can her advances
Enchanting disdain?

I sigh; she is tender;
I fly to defend her
From trouble or harm,
She smiles, and I woo her,
Her wiles bring me to her,
Subdued by her charm.

She's a witch, and she knows it,
She's rich—who'd suppose it,
So simple her art?
I love her—confound her!—
And hover around her—
But has she a heart?

FRANZ.

The Edelweiss is a pale little Alpine snow-flower with velvet petals, and grows in the most inaccessible spots on the mountains.

Franz Steinfeldt was one of the most agile of the mountaineers of Zermatt and its vicinity. Where a chamois could find a footing, or a lammer geier makes its nest, Franz could follow, and he made quite a little penny during the summer and fall months by guiding travelers up the mountains. He had led some of these perilous expeditions up the Matterhorn and brought his party back in safety, where others had lost their lives, so he bore the reputation, though hardly nineteen, of being the most prudent and sure-footed of the guides in Zermatt.

Sometimes he earned an extra sum by getting the Edelweiss for travelers, but that was a rare occurrence. Since his father lost his life five years before, by falling into a crevasse when in pursuit of the flower, the poor mother had grown timid. Steinfeldt, like his son, had been a cautious and lucky guide, until that fatal day when he went down the smooth green ice of the glaciers, and his body had never been found. So the mother now grown sick and nervous, would weep and remonstrate with her boy when she thought he was setting off in pursuit of the fatal flower.

"Ach, Franz," she would sigh, "how I wish those Americans, and French, and Englishers, would keep away from Zermatt. They are mad, those people, to bribe you to such perilous places, and thou art mad, too, to let their gold tempt thee to perhaps thy death."

"If the Edelweiss grow within the reach of all men's hands, mother, who would want it? The money does not come amiss, for it helps to buy food and clothing for us, and where would Linda get her ribbons if it were not for those windfalls?"

"I thank God the season is over," the mother ejaculated. "The strangers are all going back home, and in winter I am in peace."

"The last party of travelers will be here this morning, at noon, on their way home," said Franz. "I must hurry down to the Rosen-haus, where they will put up, or Herman Muller will be ahead of me. Three times this summer, with his impudence, he has taken travelers from under my very nose, by offering to guide them for less than I do. Ach, the mean fellow!"

With a contemptuous curl of his handsome lip, the young fellow started for the town with the easy, springy step of a mountain-climber. To his disgust he found that Hermann and some other guides were ahead of him, but the party was large enough to engage his service also.

His special charge was an old gentleman, an American, very pompous and loud-voiced, and Franz's experienced eye soon discovered that he was a rich "parvenu," and making the European tour for the first time. His daughter, whom he called Rosa, and who was in a perpetual blush for her papa's terrible mistakes, was a beautiful girl of seventeen—a fresh, gay, child-like creature—and amused Franz by her exaggerated way of talking.

None of the party were enthusiastic Alpine climbers. They did not go up high, and shunned all difficult and dangerous places. They were only climbing for the name of the thing, and were glad enough to begin the descent. Suddenly Rosa screamed out:

"O papa, how dreadfully forgetful we have been! We haven't a bit of Edelweiss. Nobody at home will believe that we ever tried to climb the mountains if we do not take back a specimen. Why, all the girls who have been here have a sprig in their scrap-books. To be sure, it looks to me like any other dried weed, but then for the name of the thing you know."

"Well, I suppose we can pick some as we go down," pompous Mr. Moore said. "Watch for it, young man," to Franz. "I s'pose you know where it grows."

Franz looked at first bewildered at this speech, and then, as the meaning dawned upon him, he smiled gravely,

"It grows not here, the Edelweiss, mein herr," he said. "It is far from the trodden paths, and it is dangerous to get it."

The old gentleman smiled superciliously.

"Oh, I'm up to all that. You needn't try any of your guides' tricks on me. It's dangerous to get, is it, and it's worth ever so much because of the danger? Come, now," jingling money in his pocket, "what'll tempt you to try? What's the market value of the flower, that 'Addlewass,' or whatever it may be? I'll give you five dollars for a bunch."

"Mein herr," said Franz, "I do not want five dollars for the flower; but since you want one so much, I will try to get it for you, but not for money. It does not grow on big bunches, as you think, and now, oh, it is very scarce. But perhaps one may be found, and to-morrow I will bring it."

He was up at daylight the next morning, and off on his quest. In deep ravines, and dangerous clefts, on icy ledges, and in cornered nooks, he sought vainly for the little flower. It was too late in the season for it, and when noon came, and his search was still unsuccessful, he was about to return home. At last peering over the precipice, on a ledge far below he saw the pale stars of the object of his search. A wall went almost perpendicularly down to them, not impossible to descend, but the ledge where they grew was narrow, and one false step would precipitate him into the gulf beneath. It was not as deep as many others, but no man could fall down those jutting sides and reach the bottom alive. He looked, and hesitated, when a well known voice in his ear made him start.

"Is that you, Herman?" he asked.

"Well, it's not my ghost, Franz," Herman answered, with a laugh, "though the fat Englisher down there is apt to make one of me before long. He wants Edelweiss, and I've been in all kinds of break-neck-places to get some for him. Ha! peering over the precipice, "why there's some now."

"It is mine," Franz answered, angrily, for he disliked and distrusted Herman. "I found it, and nobody touches it, do you hear?"

"Yes, but since when have you bought the right to gather all the Edelweiss on the free mountains? If you can get it, take it in welcome, but it is not yours until you touch it, and I, too, will make a trial for it."

The next moment he had disappeared and Franz who was preparing to descend, saw the ledge on which the flower grew ran round the side of the precipice, and that Herman, descending to it from another point, was slowly making his way around by the help of an alpenstock which he dug in the sides as he advanced, to steady his steps.

More nervous than an Alpine climber should be, for he was very angry. Franz made his way down with difficulty, and dragged the plant to him, with his alpenstock, just as Herman had stretched out his hand to grasp it. Forgetting all caution in this hour of triumph, he waved the flower above his head. The act made him lose his balance. Herman looking on with angry eyes, saw the stick shoot from the unhappy boy's hand, and with a cry of agony, poor Franz lost his balance, and fell into the depths.

Herman made his way from the fatal ledge, and rushed back to Zermatt with the news. Every one liked the boy, and a large body of mountaineers set out in search of the body. It was recovered the next day, the body crushed, but the face unmutilated, and in the hand so tightly clenched that it could not be loosened, was the fatal flower.

The next day the pompous American and his daughter entered the cottage where the remains of Franz were laid out. Several women were in the room, but one, silent, motionless, with unseeing eyes, sat by the shrouded form; and the strangers needed no one to tell them that was the bereaved mother.

"Ahem! I'm very sorry, very much grived," stammered Mr. Moore to the stony-faced woman. "I hear it was to get a flower for my daughter that he met his death. Nobody knew that he would kill himself, or gracious knows I wouldn't have sent him after it. You can't blame me."

The mother understood not a word of what he was saying, for she knew no English and these people were strangers to her. But even had they spoken in a familiar tongue, she was deafened by her grief to all the sounds of life around her. She sat mute, her eyes fixed on the body of her son.

"You see, I want to help you," went on Mr. Moore, fumbling in his pocket. "I reckon you're poor as Job, and this will help you to get bread and meat," laying a well filled purse in her lap.

She looked at the money, and then at him. Suddenly her stunned brain seemed to recover consciousness. These were the strangers who had tempted her boy to his death, and this was the price of his precious life this man was offering her. She raised the purse in her open hand and threw it violently through the open door, with an imperative sign to the stranger to follow it.

"Very unreasonable, very rude I must say," sputtered Mr. Moore, as with a face crimsoned with anger, he hurried out after his despised offering. "Come, Rosa, let's get away from here."

But Rosa paused a moment, and looked at the beautiful dead face, her tender young heart aching with remorse for the part she had innocently played in this tragedy. Tears fell from her eyes, for this shadow of death and pain was the first that had come to her happy life. One of the women, seeing her grief, broke off a sprig of the Edelweiss still grasped in the dead hand, and handed it to her. She had got her Alpine flower; it lies in a locked box now—the price of a life.

A TIGER'S BLOW.

Crushing the Skull of An Ox at a Single Terrible Blow.

A man-eater, which for six months had been the terror of the neighborhood had been traced down and was seen to creep into a ravine. The beaters were at once ordered off, as they could not be of service, and might be charged upon by the tiger, which had already been rendered furious by a wound. Unfortunately, these men are in the habit of half intoxicating themselves with opium before driving the tiger from his refuge, and one of them who had taken too large a dose refused to escape, and challenged the tiger, drawing his sword and waving it defiantly. In a moment the animal sprang upon him, dashed him to the ground with a blow of his paw and turned at bay. After a series of desperate charges he was killed. The hunters then went to the assistance of the wounded man, but found that he was past all aid, the lower part of his face, including both jaws, had been carried away, as if by a cannon-ball.

The terrific effect of the single blow indicates the power of the limb which struck it. Had the blow taken effect a few inches higher the whole of the head would have been carried away. By a similar blow a tiger has been known to crush the skull of an ox so completely that when handled the broken bones felt as if they were loose in a bag. The wonder at this terrific strength diminishes when the limb is measured. The tiger which killed the foolhardy man was by no means a large one, measuring nine feet four inches from the nose to the tip of the tail; yet the girth of the forearm was two feet seven inches. The corresponding limb of a very powerful man scarcely exceeds a foot in circumference.

Not until it becomes a man-eater is the tiger much dreaded, especially in the case of those natives who do not possess flocks or herds. Indeed, when an Englishman has offered to kill a tiger whose lair was well known, he has been requested not to do so, as the tiger did no harm and killed so many deer that it supplied the neighbors with meat. The tigress is much more to be dreaded as a man-eater than the male animal.

A Sailor's Compliment.

A compliment, true and genuine, was paid by a sailor who was sent by his captain to carry a letter to the lady of his love. The sailor, having delivered his message, stood gazing in silent admiration upon the lady, for she was very beautiful.

"Well, my good man," she said, "for what do you wait? There is no answer to be returned."

"Lady," replied the sailor with humble deference, "if you please, I would like to know your name."

"Did you not see it on the letter?"

"Pardon, lady.—I never learned to read. Mine has been a hard, rough life."

"And for what reason, my good man, would you know my name?"

"Because," answered the old tar, looking up honestly, "in a storm at sea, with danger afore me, I would like to call the name of the brightest thing I'd ever seen in my life. There'd be sunshine in it even in the darkness."

IN EXILE IN SIBERIA.

Some Particulars of Russia's Great Methods of Disposing of Objectionable Persons.

But few of the exiles ever attain to the possession of a "house," by which is meant a miserable hut. Most of them are in reality the bondsmen of the Siberian peasants, by whom they are hired; that is to say, they remain in their debt as long as they live, and are satisfied when they can get money for drinking on holidays from their masters. But as the majority of the exiles are rogues and vagabonds by profession, who are afraid of work, the number of fugitives is constantly increasing, who steal, rob and plunder whatever a chance offers, and thus intensify the natural antipathy of the settler against the class of the deported. The peasants have every cause to be incensed against them, for, besides suffering from the malpractices of the convict class, they have to bear the cost of the erection and preservation of prisons for the exiles, organize huts for the capture of runaways, provide guards for them and find the taxes which cannot be raised from among the deported class. But the greatest gaps in the ranks of the exiles are caused by the almost systematic escape of the latter from forced labor and from the convict settlements. Not less than 15 per cent. of the deported escape during transport. Many of them are shot down like wild beasts by the peasants and natives, and an observer of Siberian life made a very true remark when he said that Siberia would scarcely have been able to overpower the runaway exiles if the peasants had not annihilated them.

The most extreme measures to check the system of escape are the hunts by the natives, organized by the Russian Government. The native receives three rubles if he delivers the prisoner, "dead or alive," to the authorities. The people are provided with good arms and ammunition, so as to make hunting the escaped prisoners a success. One of those few who managed to escape was seized in his native village, and when brought before the court he said: "For two years I have wandered about, have swam through river and seas, have crossed Siberian forests, passed through steppes and mountains—and no one has touched me, neither man nor beast, but here, in my native village, I have been seized and cast into chains." The escape from forced labor had become so common that the administrators of convict establishments were in the habit of calling out, when receiving prisoners: "Whoever wishes to stay let him take clothes; he who wants to run away will not need them." It should be observed that the clothes left behind by escaped convicts, so to guard against capture, are the perquisites of the prison authorities.

While the statistics show an incredible increase in the number of crimes committed by exiles, proving the efficiency of the system of deportation as a corrective a delusion, they are equally condemnatory of its much-vaunted cheapness to the state. The cost of transport of a Siberian deporter is estimated at fifty rubles ($37.50). But in this estimate are not included the cost of transport to the main route (steamers on the Volga and Kama), and thence to the place of destination, the maintenance of his family, if he is accompanied by it, the maintainance in prison till the spring, as transports in winter have been abolished, as well as the cost of the military guard, so that the expense of transport for each convict to his place of destination amount to above 300 rubles ($225), a sum which would be sufficient to keep him at least four years in the dearest prison of European Russia. But this sum is raised to 800 rubles ($600) by the expense of attaching to the maintenance of etappe routes, escorts, prisons along the routes and etappe houses.

African Natives as Traders.

Along the northeast of Africa, south of Cape Guardaful, there are no towns worth mentioning for some hundreds of miles. The Somali natives, who live along the coast, have had scarcely any dealings with white traders. A little while ago a smart firm in Aden made up their minds that by maintaining regular communication with the coast they would be able to build up a good trade. They therefore bought a little steam vessel and sent their agents along the coast to tell the natives that at certain times, if they would look out on the sea, they would see a steamer coming, laden with beautiful goods, to give them in exchange for hides, palm oil and other products of the Somali region.

The little vessel has now made several trips, and the experiment has proved a great success. Knowing that they may expect the steamer at the date fixed, the natives for many miles in the interior flock to the shore at the different points where the vessel stops. A large crowd, well burdened with objects of exchange await the steamer which anchors off the coast, while trading boats put ashore, and a lively market is soon in progress, where a few hours before nothing could be seen but the wide-stretching sands that border this coast.

The goods that are most in demand among these new customers of the whites are Venetian glassware and American cotton shirtings. They drive very fair bargains, and it is noteworthy that the poor stuffs they bought at first they now discard for better goods. The same keenness has been observed among other African natives. The Congo tribes, for instance, will not touch now the poor jack-knives and flimsy cotton they were greedy for a few years ago. The grade of goods that the Congo State now takes to Africa for bartering purposes along the river coast is on an average from 60 to 100 per cent. more than the goods that were sold to the natives six or seven years ago.

The Fatal Lovers' Walk.

"I want to warn you about one thing," said Mrs. Farquhar; "don't go strolling off before sunset up the Lovers' Walk. It is the most dangerous place. It is a fatal place. I suppose every turn in it, every tree that has a knoll at the foot where two persons can sit, has witnessed a tragedy, or, what is worse, a comedy. There are legends enough about it to fill a book. Maybe there is not a southern woman living who has not been engaged there once at least. I'll tell you a little story for a warning. Some years ago there was a famous belle here who had the Springs at her feet, and half a dozen determined suitors. One of them, who had been unable to make the least impression on her heart, resolved to win her by a stratagem. Walking one evening on the hill with her, the two stopped just at a turn in the walk—I can show you the exact spot, without a chaperon—and he fell into earnest discourse with her. She was cool and repellent as usual. Just then he heard a party approaching; his chance had come. The moment the party came in sight he suddenly kissed her. Everybody saw it. The witnesses discreetly turned back. The girl was indignant. But the deed was done. In half an hour the Spring would know it. She was compromised. No explanation could do away with the fact that she had been kissed in Lover's Walk. But the girl was game, and that evening the engagement was announced in the drawing room. Isn't that a pretty story?"

Arab and Persian Horses.

The general run of Arabs are no doubt first-rate horses, as far as they go, for military purposes, but they are too small to mount satisfactorily any but native cavalry. There are, of course, exceptional animals which have size and power enough for anything, but they are so few that they may be left out of the general estimate which we take of the race. For any soldier whose weight is such that he can be mounted on an Arab he will be found the hardiest, soundest, and most docile of war-horses. He will do an enormous amount of work on a very little and very different food, and will always bear himself well and handsomely. In one point only is he, more than other horses, susceptible of disease, and that is his eye, which is liable to cataract. His great characteristic is his undaunted pluck, which is never more clearly shown than when by any chance he is ill, when all veterinary surgeons will allow that he is a most admirable patient, resisting and throwing off the effects of illness or treatment in a way that no horse of another race can equal. Persian horses have always been found among the most generally useful remounts in India, and they take their place both in the ranks of cavalry and in gun teams They have more power and size than Arabs, with much of the same constitutional good qualities and—a matter of great importance to the State—they are generally cheaper in price.

Earthquake Speed.

According to accounts from Washington, if the earth tremor registered by the scientific instruments in that city, shortly after the recent earthquake in Southern France and Northern Italy, was a part of the same shock, the wave must have traveled under the ocean, from continent to continent, at the rate of 500 miles an hour. The velocity of the earth-wave, propagated by the Charleston shock was only about ninety miles an hour.

PARIS RAGPICKERS.

Millions of Dollars' Worth of Refuse Gathered Every Year.

The City of Paris lets out by contract the exclusive right to pick up what can be found in the streets and alleys to "chef chiffoniers"—Anglice, boss ragpickers—one each to a certain district. These chefs have their respective corps of men employed at an average of from f.3 to f.5 per day, or rather night, for the work has to be done at night. The whole harvest of cigar stumps, decayed fruit, manure, rags, offal, bits of iron, tinware, old horseshoes, leather strips, paper, etc., is stored in vast subterranean depots or sheds in the suburbs and there assorted and put into marketable shape. In addition to this comes the enormous trade done by these men with the cooks, porters and janitors of private houses for all the refuse of the kitchen and workshop. The result represents many millions every year and gives remunerative employment to thousands. In a melodrama of French origin, which had quite an extensive run over here, a ragpicker's ball and subsequent orgie are represented. Many Americans thought this probably overdrawn or purely imaginative. The scene is one taken from life. The Parisian ragpicker is a power.

A curious side feature of the Parisian chiffonier's trade is the manner in which he utilizes "second-hand" food. Buying it en bloc at a very low stipulated price, paid every month, of the cooks or butlers in hotels or large private houses, the daily harvest is carefully sorted. Thus, roast meat, sausage, sound fruit and vegetables and unspoiled soup are set apart and sold at a sufficiently low figure to restaurants of the third and fourth grade, who again set it before their customers in the guise of vols-au-vent, raquet, stew, pot roast, meat pies, etc., and the very artistically gotten up "Italian salad," which the boulevard gourmand eats with great relish. Thus it goes down the scale till that class of eatables is reached intended for the harlqeuin. This queer name is very appropriate. For as the garb of the harlequin is made up of hundreds of vari-colored bits of cloth, so this dish consists of hundreds of bits of food, fish and meat, sauce and soup, cabbage and potatoes and carrots—all forming a hodge-podge worse than the Spanish olla podrida. It is sold by the keepers of the lowest eating shops by the barrel and is made up of what the chiffonier cannot sell elsewhere. The men and women who patronize this harlequin pay 2 cents on entering the shop. For that they are served with a chunk of bread and have the privilege to once make a dive with a long three-tined fork into the cauldron. If they fish up a big piece of meat, so much the better for them.

Weather and Mental Moods.

It has been argued, with more or less warmth, that one's dispostion is largely affected by the kind of weather which prevails when one is born. While this is possible, it is also fanciful, and but few put any faith in it. There is, however, another weather phenomenon in which I believe. I am convinced that thought is influenced in a very considerable degree by the weather. My notice was first drawn toward this by a line in one of Voltaire's letters, in which he said: "My work has been murky to-day, because the weather was murky." From this time on I took close and careful account of my mental condition during various kinds of weather.

Once, as an experiment, I planned two novels, to be worked on simultaneously. The one plot was shaped during a stormy period and the other during a brief season of sunshine and summer glory which immediately followed. Whenever it was stormy I worked upon the storm-planned novel, and whenever the weather was bright I worked upon the other. In each instance I wholly surrendered myself to the moods which the weather stirred up within me, and made no effort to shake off the good cheer of the one or the despondency with which the other encompassed me. As a result, the novel upon which was settled no shadow of storm-taint was cheerful and good-humored, but the other was so bitter, mournful and vindictive that I never printed it.

Idleness.

He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.

A thousand evils do afflict that man which hath to himself an idle and unprofitable carcass.

A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

It is a poor wit who lives by borrowing the words, decisions, mien, inventions and actions of others.